

what are you waiting for? by e_ddie

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originally posted on my wattpad e-ddie

what are you waiting for?

will's gone. i'm alone. i'm fine.

mike repeats these words to himself in whispers while he throws off his shirt, and then puts it back on again, because that might be weird. that's not what you're supposed to do, he doesn't think. it really shouldn't be this hard, should it?

mike had woken up five or so hours ago to a text from his dorm mate, will, explaining that though it was the weekend, he'd still be gone all day to visit his mom. while 'all day' is just vague enough to make mike a bit nervous, he's sure will won't be home for at least three more hours. it's only two in the afternoon, and surely 'all day' means at least a few hours into the evening. mike doesn't like making the most of his alone time, even during will's hour long trips, let alone shorter ones to the doctors' office or the grocery store. he didn't like to take the risk of will coming back early. granted, will is usually very on time, he's always super scheduled to a point where even mike can't understand.

checking the clock for the thousandth time, mike relaxes himself, sitting on his bed that's across the room from will's. (that thought alone gets him shivering again, wondering what will does in *his* bed, right across from his. maybe quietly when mike's sleeping, or he pulls a fast one when mike isn't home. fuck.) he opens his laptop that's now sat beside him just in case he needs help getting himself going, and pulls off his pants all the way down to his ankles, and then kicking them off the rest of the way.

mike knows masturbating shouldn't be this complicated, or meticulous, or difficult. but for him, it is. he's done it before, of

course he has, he's a nineteen year old male for god's sake; but he's a nineteen year old whose sexuality had been repressed for almost his whole life at that. girls didn't get him hot. boys did. it could have been simple, it *should* have been simple, but that just wasn't the case for someone with heavily religious, homophobic parents who forced him into years of conversation therapy.

the first time he rubbed one out, he doesn't remember. probably a young teenager, before an actual sexual awakening, because that's how everyone dealt with their uncontrollable hormones and frustration. the first time he got off for real, to men, was only two years ago. he kind-of/sort-of has the hang of it by now, but still cries afterward every time, so he doesn't do it often. maybe twice a month, and that's being generous. he pulls his underwear off and lets them fall to the ground next to his trousers. he sighs. he wishes it wasn't this difficult. it's embarrassing, even if nobody knows.

shuffling back against the wall, he runs the tips his fingers up and down his thighs. the skin is soft and white. the way he feathers his fingers almost tickles, and he squirms for just a moment. he takes another deep breath, feeling around himself some more, glides his hands against his hip bones and up to the bottom of his torso. he lets some spit fall from his mouth to the palm of his other hand, the gross sticky feeling of it making him squint. after closing his eyes, he takes ahold of himself and sucks in a sharp breath, feeling almost too sensitive as he grows almost immediately. it feels good though, he decides, and begins to set up a slow pace he knows he can keep up with. *this is just fine*, he thinks. *i don't have to do anything i'm not ready for*. he suppresses the thought of how pathetic it is that he, a nineteen year old, isn't ready for proper, or regular, masturbation.

and he begins to think some more. this is the hard part, thinking. it's the one thing that feels the worst, the most wrong. even without having trauma associated with homosexual attraction, it's *who* he thinks about that's wrong.

his roommate, will.

they know each other, they're fairly good friends; they often go out to eat on weekends, hang out in their dorm, and even see a movie together once in a blue moon. so it isn't weird. well-- it's still weird, mike knows this, but not as weird as a complete stranger thinking about you when they touch themselves. will's gay too, he knows from the stories he tells, which helps mike lie to himself a little more in thinking that makes it any less weird than it already was. because will probably wouldn't even be opposed to doing the things mike thinks about, *fuck*. mike starts to move his hand a little faster, imagining what would go down between them.

will would. will would be going down. on him.

and he thinks he'd be good at it too. mike would be lying if he said he hadn't pictured it several times, or if he said he hadn't snuck several glances to will's lips while they spoke. it's not his fault will has such a pretty mouth. he's also thought about going down on will too, both ways. unconsciously, he licks his lip after his breathing hitches when he thinks about his face between will's legs.

mike's never really been with a man, not sexually, at least, so all of his knowledge of what to actually do during sex comes from porn that he very rarely watches. he knows porn, mainly professionally acted, is nothing like real life, but he's really got nothing else to go on, so he takes what he can get. homemade videos are a blessing.

though inevitable to come back, he lets the initial guilt melt away, and really gets himself going. he starts shamelessly groaning, and he's

surprised himself, this is the first time he's been able to go on this far without watching some video to help him. he's trying new things now, things he wishes he had tried before, like flicking his wrist, and even focusing on that sensitive spot under the head that he'd learned about a year ago but never paid attention to. it's all overwhelming, his low groans become fuller moans, not higher in pitch but most definitely higher in volume, and his eyes are screwed tightly shut. his thighs start to stutter, spasming every few moments when he starts to go faster.

he's not sure how long it's been, and he's not sure why he gets an uneasy feeling in his stomach, but he shuts it off, figuring he's about to finish. in his fantasy, will's on top of him, and his hand mimics what will would feel like going up and sinking down. . . up, and down again. fast and then slow. intense and then gentle.

will's name finds its way out of his mouth, repeatedly, too. something in him tried to hold back moaning his name, but that something apparently decided to say fuck it. he feels great, he's close, and all is well right up until he hears will say *his* name.

"mike? oh, jeez, sorry to interrupt." mike immediately goes red and his eyes light up wide, scrambling to pull his comforter over top of him.

"holy shit, will." his chest heaves, "why are you home so early?" he tries to ignore the fact that he's still hard, to the point where it's beginning to hurt. seeing will is ashamedly the reason, he's almost positive it would have gone away by now if it were anyone but will catching him.

"i was gone for six hours. . ." he trails his sentence off, the same way

his eyes trail down between mike's legs where he's clearly not hid himself well enough. mike stays silent, unsure of what to say or do in this situation. "exhibitionist?" will jokes when he notices mike is still obviously turned on.

"maybe?" mike cringes at himself, but really, will isn't giving him much leeway for anything else. what does he expect him to say? *yes, i am an exhibitionist? being caught turns me on?* or perhaps a more honest approach; *no, but i was literally jacking off to the thought of you?* neither are an ideal response, nor are they ideal situations.

"you're unsure?" will asks, and mike almost can't believe what he's hearing. why will is suddenly interested in his sex life, or sexual preferences, he doesn't know. but it's definitely not helpful.

"i was avoiding your question. but i guess i really don't know." he answers seriously, then furrows his eyebrows, "why are you asking? you're really not helping." he laughs and shakes his head at how ludicrous this whole conversation is.

"you never talk about this kind of stuff, not once! i've never walked in on you, you've never been home late because you were with someone and you've never brought a girl home." he listed, giggling, "i assumed you didn't know what your dick was. it's just interesting to know that you do." while will didn't have bad intentions, that one kind of struck him hard. it was embarrassing.

"i don't like girls." why mike decides to explain that first, before the whole bag of things he had to unload, he isn't sure. will's mouth goes into a small o shape, but he only nods, almost able to tell that mike had more to share, so he doesn't say anything else. mike groans. "my parents didn't like that. i don't wanna recall everything but they put

me in therapy and i haven't got my rocks off, like, ever, until probably two years ago. so it's difficult for me. sue me." will nodded, guilt strewn across his face, although mike doesn't feel too bad about sharing it with him. embarrassing, sure, but not as embarrassing if he had really not known what his dick was for that long.

"i'm sorry, i shouldn't have-"

"it's okay." mike cuts him off. he'd already replayed the event millions of times in his head, one vague retelling of it doesn't hurt at all anymore. mike doesn't know what to say, he's sitting there while will stares at him sympathetically and his dick is still fucking hard after a whole three minutes for some reason, and he's not sure how he hasn't passed out yet.

"i could. . ." will pauses, "i could help? if you want?" and this time, mike fully can't believe what he's hearing.

"shut up, i don't have time for jokes, will. this is serious." he starts to panic, talking quick because he's more turned on now than ever. "i don't know what to do, this has never happened before. i won't go soft, i don't know what to do. stop looking at me like that. oh my gosh." he starts to sweat, looking around the room, anywhere but at will.

"i'm really not joking. if it's hard for you to get off i can help you."

"are you. . ." he pauses, breathing deeply because he's almost positive what he was just thinking about could really happen, "are you sure?"

"of course." he inches toward mike's bed, cautious to not move too quickly. "but make sure you tell me if you want to stop." he touches mike shoulder and he shudders, giving will a feel for how sensitive he is. will climbs in the bed next to him, brushing a piece of hair behind his ear while looking rather lovingly into his eyes and mike is almost sure that he's just fallen in love with will. he's gentle and caring, and it's clear he knows how much this means to mike.

"is it okay to kiss you?" will whispers, fingers still in his hair, and he nods, closing his eyes. will leans in and kisses him gently on the lips, and mike feels like he's high. he kisses him back, it only lasts a few seconds and there's no tongue or teeth or anything rough. it's not rushed, nor is it desperate or begging for the next part to begin; it's calm, grounding, and barely even lustful despite what they're about to do. it's like will telling mike to take it easy in the most intimate form possible. once they separate, will keeps their foreheads pressed together and mike swears he feels like he's melting.

"can i take this off?" he whispers again while placing a hand on the blanket that's covering mike. he isn't quite sure why will's whispering but it's relaxing and making it all the more intimate, showing him that what's happening is purely between them, and that mike doesn't have to be afraid. mike would have never dreamt of doing something like this with will. he wasn't sure if he was acting on sympathy or maybe he was exploring feelings he's never visited before. either way, he could tell will was a great lover. even better than a friend. mike nodded, whispering a yes back to him.

he listens, peeling the comforter off from his lap. mike watches will's face carefully as he looks down, he can tell will's holding back a smile as he licks his lips. he feels exposed, but for the first time in his life, it's not such a bad thing. will rubs a hand up and down mike's thigh, similar to how he did to himself earlier that afternoon. when he

reaches his torso, he takes the hem of mike's shirt in his hand and pulls it up. mike lifts his arms to help him remove the shirt that will then sets behind them.

mike's out of his comfort zone, to say the least, he's naked and being touched by another boy who's fully clothed. will can see mike struggling to keep his cool, with his suddenly heavy breathing and quickened heartbeat, so he makes work of undressing himself, too. he starts with his shirt, and ends with his shorts, piling them up over where mike's shirt lies. he leaves his briefs on for now, at least. mike takes note of the fact that will might be feeling a little insecure.

"how are you holding up?" will asks in a soft voice, not quite a whisper but still barely audible.

"really good." mike smiles and lets out a relieved laugh. will smiles back.

"can i touch you?" his fingers rear closer to where mike needs them most.

"yes, please. you don't have to ask me every time." will licks his palm and takes mike into it, then mike gasps a moan.

"i just want to make sure you're okay with it." he starts moving his hand slowly up and down mike's shaft. mike lets himself fall down into a lying position against his pillows, trying his hardest to not jerk around. his hand comes up to cover his eyes, his mouth hanging open.

"fuck. fuck, fuck, fuck, will." he says under his breath, and will smiles again. "how is this so much better?" will bites at his lip, thinking for a moment.

"it'd feel even better if i could get my mouth on you." mike opens his eyes, and they go wide when looking at will.

"really? would- would you want to?"

"sure i would. can i?" mike nods eagerly and will, without stopping his hand movements, positions himself lying down at mike's side so that his face could reach where he needed to be. not looking to tease or try anything too intense, will takes it slow. he stops his hand around mike's base and licks a stripe up the side of it.

"holy fucking shit." mike moans, and will laughs a little after he sucks on the head for a few seconds.

"i've barely started, you know." he warns, and gets back to work, kissing down with slightly parted lips before taking him in fully. mike is pretty much a mess at this point. he's whimpering and shaking and his hands are threaded in will's hair. will obviously wasn't expecting him to last long, so mike felt no embarrassment on his end, while will felt no questioning. something that did surprise will however, was what mike did next.

"wait, wait, wait." he pushed will off of him, his chest heaving.

"what's up?" will catches his breath, wiping his mouth off with his wrist.

"i was about to come." mike breathes, as if it wasn't obvious. "i don't. .
. i don't want this to be over yet."

"that's fine." says will, tracing lines patterns on mike's hips and stomach. "what do you want?" he kisses softly at his hipbone, running his fingers teasingly down mike's length.

"will. . ." he mewed. will hummed, urging him to continue. "i want to. . . i want you." will's hand slows to a stop, he furrows his eyebrows.

"what do you mean?" he lets his fingers resume, teasing and tickling sensitive spots on mike's thighs.

"i wanna fuck you." he grabs will's hand when his eyes go wide, squeezing it. "please, i promise it'll be good, i promise." he pleads, terrified of rejection and terrified of will thinking he's not good enough for it.

"i don't doubt it will be good, silly." will scoots up his body, bringing himself to eye level with mike. he kisses his lips again, brushing his sweaty hair off of his forehead. "but i don't know if you're ready for that yet, have you ever done it before?"

"i'm ready, i promise i am, please." he babbles, groaning when will reaches where he's most sensitive.

"are you sure?"

"i've never been more sure about anything, i need it so bad." he rasps.

"you're already so close, mike. can you even wait that long?" he takes mike into his hand again, their faces merely an inch apart, mike's breath hot on his lips while he pumps him. with his eyes shut tightly, he can barely form words.

"need. . . i need. . ."

"okay, listen." mike groans while will doesn't make any attempt to stop his movements. "are you listening?" he stops this time, squeezing him gently at the base. mike hums and nods. "i'll make you come like this, and then if you get turned on again you can fuck me. is that alright?" he says gently, and mike almost protests, but realizes the idea isn't too bad. coming twice in a row sounds like something he could get behind. will continues. "because of prep and everything, and i have to get condoms, it'd take too long and you probably wouldn't be able to last. sound good?"

mike nods, unable to find his words. will starts to move his hand rapidly and catches mike off guard. he's bucking up into will's fist now, moaning like crazy.

"come on," he whispers, kissing mike's neck, "come for me, mikey, just like that." and he does, it's purely luck but it sure looks like he came on command, which was something neither mike or will are well acquainted with but decidedly aren't opposed to.

"you did really well, mike." he soothes him through the aftershocks, his body still convulsing every few moments. "i'm gonna go get a rubber from a buddy of mine and then we can try it, okay?"

"yeah, try to be quick, please." mike agrees, watching as will pulls on his clothes. he smiles to himself knowing that he'll be taking them off right after he gets back.

"i will. he's just down the hall."

will doesn't kiss mike goodbye, which is fine by him, but it sure would have been nice. now, as he lies on his back, exposed and tired, he prepares for the waterworks. this is when the tears usually come, when he snaps back into reality and realizes what he's done. this time, however, there are no tears. he's surprised, because while normally at this point he'd be sobbing and feeling disgusted with himself, the thought of being inside of will, *finally*, gets him hot again. it's quite the miracle, he thinks, he used to have trouble getting hard at all, let alone one time again after he came. if he would have known this is all that it would take, he would have made a move on will so long ago.

by the time will steps into their room again, mike's halfway hard, and trying to not touch himself just yet. raising his eyebrows, will takes note of this, impressed.

"already?"

"i seriously don't know how this is possible." he looks down at the come that's still drying on his stomach, grabbing his shirt that was previously discarded to wipe it off. though still feeling a bit sticky, his sweat made him feel all the same and it wasn't such a big deal. will strolls over to mike's side of the room and sets the blue foil wrapped condom on the nightstand, pulling his clothes off again. this time he removes his briefs with his shorts, and matches mike in the way that they're both completely bare.

"wow." mike whispers once he sees will, "you're really pretty." will says nothing, only smiles and fetches a bottle of lube from his nightstand drawer on the other side of the room. mike can see that will's already hard (he's pretty sure he had been even before he left) and that's an unexpectedly beautiful feeling, for someone else to be aroused for him, the one who rules his fantasies no less.

"i'm gonna prep myself now," will says, strolling towards mike's bed and running a hand against his arm. "do you want to watch?"

"of course i do." he says, smiling. "i have to learn somehow, don't i?" will smiles back,

"you sure do." will giggles, and climbs on the bed, sitting on his knees across from where mike lies. he gives himself a quick tug before turning around to show mike what he's doing and how it's done.

"walk me through it." mike holds onto will's ankle, the only part of him he can really reach. he thinks it's an incredible view. will is, for

the most part, cleanly shaven, which surprises mike. he doesn't know many guys who shave, but he thinks it looks very pretty too.

"alright. okay, so, first, you have to get your fingers really lubed up. too much is better than too little." he says while demonstrating, squeezing lube out onto his fingers and spreading it over them. "you have to go slow." he explains, circling his middle finger around himself for probably half a minute before he goes any further. "i haven't done this in awhile so i'm gonna be pretty tight."

"i think that sounds nice. and like, sexy. right?" mike replies after staying silent in his curiosity. he knows from watching porn that your partner being tight is supposed to feel really good. will laughs and nods, and then begins to slowly push his finger inside himself. "does it hurt?"

"not if you prep correctly." he explains, not bothering to admit that he'll be sore tomorrow morning. it didn't concern mike at this point, and he didn't want him to worry. "that's why it's so important." once will's got two fingers in himself, mike watches in awe.

"can i try?"

"sure." will turns halfway around, squirting some lube onto mike's index finger while pulling his own out of himself. "go ahead. remember to be slow, okay?" mike listens, and after a moment of hesitation, pushes his finger inside of will.

"it does feel tight." mike said, beginning to thrust his finger softly in and out. will let out a small whimper, pushing back onto him. "does

that feel good?"

"yeah, you're doing really well."

"thank you." mike says, and will chuckles. "i'm really hard, will."

"i know." will reaches back to grab mike and stroke him a few times, "just a little bit longer. you can add another finger if you want."

"are you sure?" mike asks even though he's already adding more lube.

"go right ahead, babe." will says, and even though mike is pretty sure the nickname is an accident that just slipped, or an instinctive thing he does when having sex, it makes mike's heart swell all the same. he listens, slowly pulling out and adding his middle finger along with the other. will groans a little at this, and mike decides to curl his fingers. he groans again.

"who taught you that?" will rocks back on his fingers, panting.

"no one, it just felt right. like i was supposed to do it. you know what i mean?."

"mm," will hums, "smart boy." they both laugh, and will starts to slightly roll his hips, clearly wanting more by the second. even without a good leverage, as mike is still lying down on his back, he seems to be having an effect on will. maybe it's the long fingers, he

reasons. in an act of boldness and bravery, he pushes them in deeper until will cries out a light moan, deciding he's ready. "okay, okay, let's do it now."

"yeah?" mike asks, his heart speeding up.

"yeah. do you want to be on top?"

"my body'll get too tired. i already am tired."

"okay, right, right." will grabs the condom and rips the foil, unwrapping it."i'll ride you then. that okay?"

"yeah, that sounds really good." mike confirms, watching as will rolls the condom on for him. will then grabs the bottle of lube, squeezing some onto mike and spreading it over.

"you ready?" will asks, throwing a leg over mike's body, now sitting above him.

"of course i am." mike smiles and grabs onto will's hips, helping him line up. once situated, will slowly eases himself onto mike, and mike is unsure how he hasn't fainted. before he can fully register everything that's happening, will has sunken down all the way, fully sitting on mike's cock.

"you never answered me." will says as he starts to slowly lift himself,

"earlier."

"about what?" mike wonders, sliding his hands down to will's thighs and squeezing. his fingernails leave temporary crescent shaped indents in the skin. before he answers, will sinks down again, making mike moan.

"i asked you if you've done this." will says, finding a tortuously slow rhythm. he knows mike couldn't handle anything too fast right now, so he lets himself suffer a little for mike's sake. "am i taking your virginity?"

"i think that's pretty obvious." mike laughs, "yeah, you are." will grinds down on him slowly, circling his hips.

"it's an honor." he smiles, and mike smiles back. steadier now, will starts to go the slightest bit faster. he starts to properly ride him, a mix of lifting himself manually and the occasional bounce. those moments seem to get mike really going, he groans and grunts and pulls will down further.

"i can't believe i'm doing this. it feels so, so good." mike says, broken and in between whines.

"i know." will moves from his sitting position to hover over mike, his hands going on either side of mike's head, he smiles down at him. "you're big, mike." he whispers, "filling me up so well."

"really?" mike breathes. his entire chest is flushed red at this point, just like his cheeks and nose. he starts to thrust up in time with will, meeting him at the middle, and they moan together each time.

"jesus christ." says will, and mike wrinkles his nose and furrows his eyebrows, slowing his movements for just a moment. "what?" will asks breathlessly.

"don't say his name while we do this." he manages, and will's only just realized what he's done.

"shit, right. sorry." though they've slowed down, they resume rather quickly. after a minute of getting mike back into it, will sits up again, riding him with more intensity, bouncing quickly up and down. his thighs are burning, and his whole body feels like it's on fire but he decides its worth it. his hands are pressed against mike's chest, who is gripping his hips strongly and thrusting back up into him.

mike's voice quiets to a stop, as if his moans have run dry, his mouth wide open and his eyes shut, breathing drawn out shaky breaths.

"i was thinking about you." mike cries, almost incomprehensibly, "i was imagining, oh my gosh, will." he grabs will by the shoulders and pulls him into a sloppy kiss.

"what?" will says, too fucked out to understand any implications.

"when you walked in on me," mike moans, "i was thinking about you

doing this, fuck, fuck, *fuck*."

"really?" will almost wants to laugh, but his eyes darken a second after he realizes how hot he thinks that is, "imagined me fucking myself on you? just like this?"

"yeah, yeah just like that, fuck." everything is so warm and tight and good that mike can barely take it, he finds it to be a miracle that he can even form a broken sentence. "i like when you talk like that."

"so many new discoveries for you today, hm?" will does laugh this time, "you like riding and dirty talk, wonder what else we can find." mike's too high on the feeling to register that will's implying he wants to do this more than one time, and will almost doesn't realize himself that he let that slip. will, after trying to hold off, touches himself, stroking at the same pace that he bounces. it's only a few more minutes of the same routine until mike reaches his breaking point.

"shit, shit, fuck," mike's eyes open for the first time in a few minutes. "i'm about to, i'm close." he groans, and it only excites will more, "i'm gonna, i'm gonna, im gonna--" and then, he does. tears prick at his eyes, building rather quickly. "i'm coming, i'm coming, will, i'm coming."

it gets to be a little too much, and the tears fall. as he comes, he cries, overwhelmed by a feeling he's never been able to feel before. it's never been as intense as this, and he could have never imagined a feeling even remotely close to it.

"you're so good baby, you did so good." will says, forcing himself to

climb off of mike so as to not overstimulate him. "help me finish, baby."

mike, still crying, as he rides through an orgasm that continues long after will gets off, takes will into his hand. though he can barely comprehend anything, he tries his best to pump him the same way he would himself, remembering that spot under the head and the way it feels good when he flicks his wrist.

"oh god," will says, lying down next to mike and taking over. while mike writhes around, he finishes himself off, coming onto his own stomach. will, coming down much faster than mike, who has finally calmed, helps mike dispose of his condom, tying it off and throwing it in the garbage bin. on his way back to their room, he grabs a cloth and wets it with warm water, wiping his stomach off.

when he returns to mike, his breathing has slowed to a normal pace and he looks quite sleepy. his tears and most of his sweat has dried, leaving his face stained with them.

"will. . ." mike says quietly, closing his eyes as if that would make him disappear so that will wouldn't have to see him, "will you lay down with me?" will, staying silent, crawls next to mike. he doesn't bother putting clothes on, and figures mike needs the feeling of someone close as can be. they each turn to their side, facing each other. mike wraps his arms around will and tangles their legs together. "i'm sorry, i need this right now."

"don't be sorry." will talks in that soft voice he used when they first started, "you did so well, mike. i'm proud of you."

"thank you for doing that."

"no problem at all, i had fun. did you?" they were so close and the house was so quiet that they could just exchange whispers, no reason for regular talking. they had all they needed right there.

"yeah, i had a lot of fun. that was really intense."

"mm," will hums, "sure was. you took it so well." he cards his fingers through mike's hair in an attempt to lull him to sleep. they stay silent, switching from closing their eyes to looking into each other's. "i kind of really want to kiss you right now." will finally says after fighting off some hesitation. he felt the energy between them, that both of them knew this couldn't be only a one-time event.

"then what are you waiting for?"

Author's Note:

originally posted on my wattpad e-ddie